Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
LYRASIS and LYRASIS Members

https://archive.org/details/missilethe1912pete_9

Mabel E. Peterson

The Missile

MARCH 1912

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

FOSTER'S
The Original Safety Crib
IDEAL CRIB
Sides and ends are high so baby can't climb out. Sides can be lowered or raised and securely fastened. The crib has comfortable, durable springs. Greatest value always found in the Foster IDEAL Cribs, Springs and Beds. Thousands now in use. Send for booklet showing many styles, also for the name of nearest dealer.
ACCIDENT PROOF

There are many CRIBS, and many GO-CARTS and CARRIAGES, but there is only

ONE FOSTER IDEAL CRIB

and

ONE F. A. WHITNEY line of BABY VEHICLES

To have the BEST, you must get one of these from the

"OLD RELIABLE"

Petersburg Furniture Company,

21 N. Sycamore Street

Exclusive Agents for Petersburg, Va.

A. J. WINFIELD, Manager

Contents

	PAGE
QUOTATION	2
CHANGES.—*Poem.* M. C. Harrison	3
THE SECRET OF THE DEAD. Charles Edgar Gilliam	4
A BIT OF HISTORY. A. Riddle	7
A MAN OF HIS WORD. Louise Talbott	8
THE VANITY OF MEN. Anna Thomas	12
THE VALUE OF CHEMISTRY. Frank Scott	14
!——!——? "Tenurb"	17
EDITORIALS	18
ATHLETICS	20
EXCHANGE	22
ALUMNI	24
SCHOOL NOTES	25
A FEW POINTERS	29
ADVERTISEMENTS	31

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But will do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it.
—Addison

Changes

The last gold rays of ev'ning's setting sun
Add lustre to the sky's pure azure blue;
Fair tokens of another day's work done,
By workers, proud or humble, false or true.
And when the last tint fades behind the hill,
All Nature slumbers, and the Earth is still.

The last dry leaf perched high up in the tree
Is downwad hurled by Autumn's piercing blast;
Sad thoughts come to the mind in reverie
Of unreturning days, now long since past.
The shriveled leaf, dropped in the tiny rill,
Gives certain warning of bleak Winter's chill.

The last small swallow southward wings his flight;
From nest and summer home he flies away,
To linger long in tropic climate bright,
Till fresh and sweet comes Spring's inviting day.
A change on far and distant shore until
Homeward bound, he comes with music shrill.

The last breath goes, the soul of man takes flight
From Earth's low habitation to arise
To Heavenly homes, ten thousand times more bright,
Where friends await, and true love never dies.
A change of rest from care, of good from ill,
In all eternal mercy, 'tis God's will.

M. C. Harrison.

THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School

Vol. I. MARCH, 1912 No. 3

The Secret of the Dead

TWO hours ago it was the most beautiful, calm, peaceful spot in the world. Then, a crystal brook rippled merrily beneath the sheltering limbs of the primeval forest; then, the rustling trees cast their graceful shadows upon the sun-flected undergrowth; and, then, the soft, green, untrodden grass swayed silently to and fro as if keeping time to the songs of the birds. Only two hours ago peace reigned in the woody dell. Now war, destructive war, held sway. The songs of the birds were now supplanted by the sound of arms, the whistling of shells, the rattle of muskets, the shouts of the victors, the cries of the conquered.

Amidst the din and uproar, among the bursting shells, whizzing bullets and splintering trees, now in one place, now in another, a man, or rather a youth, rushed up and down the retreating lines, striving in vain to rally his fleeing countrymen. He turned his youthful, care-worn face to his men, lifted his left hand and brushed away a streak of blood that was slowly trickling from his bandaged forehead, waved again that sword that had never known defeat, and with tears in his eyes he begged the terror-stricken soldiers to make a stand. A bullet struck him and, with a last wave of his sword, he sank to the earth with a moan. A private leaned over the captain, raising a canteen to the dying officer's lips. The captain's eyes slowly opened; his lips twitched and the private inclined his ear nearer to catch the broken words. As the older man listened, tears dimmed his eyes. Suddenly the captain gave a gasp and clutched at his breast as if to hold within

him his ebbing life; but he failed and his spirit slipped his grasp and fled to its God. The private looked upon the peaceful face of his dead commander and, then, turned his eyes toward the enemy. They were nearly upon him; he turned and fled. Ere he had gone a dozen steps, a whizzing bullet struck him down and the secret of the dead lay with the dead.

The next day a nameless cross of wood was raised above the fresh grave of a nameless hero, and Nature set about to heal the bruises of war. Man in a few hours had destroyed the beauty of a place that Nature had been centuries in decorating. After a few years, grass and wild flowers adorned the lonely grave in the calm, peaceful dell; and the brook murmured a dirge for the dead.

* * * * * * * * * *

Years passed. Again the shady dell was broken by the sound of human voices, and a group of merry children scampered among the sun-patched grass, picking flowers and laughing aloud in their childish glee. With them was a woman —a woman who must at one time have been beautiful. Their maiden aunt set about preparing lunch while these care-free children rushed off for another game of hide-and-seek. She was walking across to the little stream to get some water when, suddenly, her eyes fell upon the lowly mound. She looked and sighed. Then brushing away the tears that forced themselves into her eyes, she moved on with sunken head, toward the babbling brook. Something irresistible, however, drew her back to the side of the grave. As she went, she tore a piece of paper from a little book that she always carried with her, and wrote something upon it. For a moment she stood there, crumpling the paper in her hand. The forgotten youth rushed in her face; she was beautiful again. Suddenly she fell forward across the grave and, when the horrified children returned, they found their aunt dead.

Older people were hastily summoned and they found in the tightly clasped hand of the dead woman a piece of paper,

one edge of which was ragged, containing the following, written in a shady, delicate handwriting:

"Dig up the grave and bury bones beside me in the old family grave-yard. A. W."

Everyone wondered why she wrote this just before dying of heart-failure as the doctors called it. Strange indeed! However, the unusual request was complied with and the bones were dug from the lonely grave and buried beside her in the family grave-yard. Around the neck of the skeleton was found a golden chain and a locket engraved with the two letters, "A. W.," inside of which was a fragment of note or letter and on it was written in a delicate hand-writing the simple word, "Come." He came not; she went to him instead. So the grave yielded up the secret of the dead.

Charles Edgar Gilliam, '12.

LOYALTY.

He who would a ruler be.
Let him first this lesson gain;
Loyal service pays the fee,
For the Prince, as King to reign.

Though we may not all be kings,
All may make this wisdom fit;
Servants faithful in small things
Masters will be, if they've wit.

This truth, both for slaves and kings,
Find in Book the best of any;
"Faithful thou in little things,
Makes the ruler over many."

F. P. Brown, '14.

A Bit of History

OHN Randolph, one of the most brilliant men that Virginia has produced and given to her country, and of whom she is justly proud, was born at Cawson's, near City Point. 'Twas during the "Campaign in the South," of the Revolutionary War. that General Phillips, with two thousand British troops, landed at City Point, and burned the Randolph house. John Randolph's father was away at the time; but, when Mrs. Randolph saw the British coming, she dispersed her negroes, and taking her son, John Randolph, only one week old, she rode alone on horseback to "Mattoax," where some of her kinsmen lived. There followed a long, anxious, and weary night. Several glows in the sky told the story of pillaging and plundering by the British. Mrs. Randolph, with her little son in her arms, watched for signs of the home she had left being ruined. When a dull glare was seen over the sky in the direction of City Point, she understood its purport.

After the war the Randolphs made their home at "Mattoax," and here it was that John Randolph lived until he went to school at "Bizarre," opposite Farmville. John had brothers, but the stories of their lives are short and pitifully sad, for not one of them was mentally strong. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph lived the rest of their lives at "Mattoax," and their graves, together with that of a companion, Miss Martha Hall, lie side by side in a little plot in Ettrick. The epitaph on Miss Martha Hall's tombstone is very singular and interesting; "Quem Hymen sprevit, Phoebus Caritesque colere." The meaning, I have no doubt, is clear to all High School girls; "Whom Hymen spurned, Apollo and the Graces courted," which is simply this, that, although she was both pretty and attractive, she never knew the troubles of married life and died in the happy lot of a spinster

A recent discussion as to the reason why Mrs. Randolph's grave is in Ettrick has brought out the above facts.

A. Riddle

A Man of His Word

SIMPLY won't stay here another day John Spencer, and that's an end of it all. Here, for fourteen years I have slaved for you, working my hands almost to the bone just for your comfort, and now, when I ask a simple favor of you, you raise your eyebrows in that hateful fashion and positively refuse me—me, Maria Spencer, your own lawful wife, whom you promised before God to cherish as long as breath was in your body—here you refuse me a trifling thing like that. Well, men will be fools, no matter how you try to make them otherwise. But you will regret it, John Spencer, when I'm gone and there is not a soul here to cook your meals; and the Lord knows you do love to eat more than any white man I ever saw or heard tell of; and, besides, you'll own yourself that that old fence does look awful, and just for the sake of keeping your word, you actually refuse to have it painted. Well, you keep on, but I'm going to get out this very day. I ain't used to nothing like this: I've been used to better all my life; and for me, Marie Spencer, to live behind a fence like that, why, why—I just ain't a' going to do it and I hope you understand it for once and all."

"Well, Maria, a poor body does get tired of hearing a woman talk on one subject for two solid hours without stopping. But you are right, I ain't a' going to have that air fence painted before next spring, no matter what you say. I'm a man of my word, I am, Maria. You ain't never heard tell of a Spencer breaking his word, and you heard me say last year that I would have that fence painted this here coming spring, and I mean what I said. That old fence has been standing for ages, and it has been a rule in our family to paint it every ten years, and I ain't the man to spoil its record by painting it two months before the time. I am a man of my word, Maria, I am, and ye knows it well."

"Well, that settles it, John Spencer, and when you see me again, it will be a cold day in summer. I guess I have some

relations who think enough of me to take me in, but, whether or no, I don't sleep another night behind that hateful fence."

The topic of all this seated discussion was the front fence of the Spencer farmhouse. The Spencers were an old and well-known family and prided themselves on being "men of their word." Especially did the present occupant, John Spencer, boast freely concerning this particular trait of his character. The fence referred to had served faithfully many generations of Spencers, being rewarded every ten years by a fresh coating of paint. Somehow or other, the weather during the last ten years had been unusually persistent in its efforts to demolish the old fence, and it did look a good deal battered and worn, and fully deserving of being painted two months before the usual time. But not so thought the master of the house. He was "a man of his word" and that fence would not be painted on any account with his money before Spring.

The outcome was that, on that very afternoon, Maria packed her worldly possessions and left for her sister Sally's, in a neighboring town.

"Oh! this is what I call happiness," John muttered to himself, as returning from the day's labors, he, for the first time in seventeen years entered the house with his shoes on. But, of course, something had to occur, to mar his happiness. Little mishaps come to all, he thought. He liked his eggs boiled soft and he was sure Maria used to boil them sixty-five minutes on similar occasions; and, again, he was positive she used a bunch of red pepper for the cabbage; and what on earth made soup red? Oh! yes, he remembered — those little packages which came in the gelatine, he knew that was it. That dinner somewhat marred his jovial nature, and his spirits were greatly depressed as he eyed the stack of pans and dishes he had used in preparing the meal.

He soon began to own that it was a bit lonely for a body to be living alone, especially when you had tried it the other way. "Of course, Maria did have me to cheer her up in her house work, and that helped her a good bit," he thought. But

the thought didn't give him much consolation, and it was a very forlorn looking figure that trudged wearily up the steps to bed.

Lying awake, a sudden plan presented itself. "I'll do it," he said, "I'll do it now." He stumbled over to the desk, and finding the paper and pen scribbled the following note:

Dear Maria:

I just can't get along without ye. Come home by Monday and all will be right.

Your failthful husband,

John.

The inmates of a certain flat in a near by town were not all in a very serene state of mind. Two weeks had passed, and Maria Spencer still clung to her rebellious ideas, although it was certainly telling on her. She had never received John's hastily scribbled note; consequently, thinking him perfectly satisfied, she had foolishly refrained from writing to him. Nevertheless, her heart longed for him, and she did want to see the old place so much. Often at night she lay awake, wondering if he missed the usual fire in his room and his cozy slippers and dressing gown. As days went on, the thought of his possible loneliness haunted her continually, and she determined to write him and ask his forgiveness and tell him she was coming home.

With a fast beating heart she alighted from the rickety spring wagon at the farm house gate. Suddenly she stopped short in the dusty road—There was the front fence painted a brilliant green and it yet lacked three weeks of appointed time!

"Well! Well! she cried in amazement, "if this don't beat all good saints!" "And it does look nice too, now don't it?" she said, talking loudly to herself, as she cast admiring glances at the shining fence. At the sound of her familiar voice John started up from his chair on the side porch, and

with a beaming face, came around to the walk, and clasped her in his arms.

"Well, well, honey, ye did come back to your old man anyhow, didn't you?"

"Yes, John, I couldn't stay any longer. But you did break your word and painted the fence. And it looks so nice and really worthy of belonging to a Spencer."

"Well-er-the fact is, Maria," he faltered, "as I always said I'm a man of my word, and I well, I didn't paint that old fence, anyhow. I hated to spoil the family traditions, and so I just had a new one put up instead. Ye don't care, do ye Maria? You ain't a' going to have old John by himself again, just because he was a man of his word, are ye?"

And she didn't.

Louise Talbott, '13.

AUTUMN FAIRIES

The leaves are red and yellow
And falling to the ground,
The little autumn fairies
Are dancing all around.

When the autumn's over
They all will go away;
But when the moon is brightest,
The little fairies play.

They often meet and dance
Under the harvest moon,
They kiss the fruits and grains
And make them ripen soon.

When the crops are gathered in
The fairies, one and all,
Meet in nooks secluded
And give a moonlight ball.

And when the fall is over
And winter days are come,
The autumn fairies meet again
And scamper to their home.

Mary Anderson Gilliam, '15

The Vanity of Men

HERE are many, no doubt, who say that in the discussion of a question it is unfair to take only one side of it, criticise that one side, and keep quiet about the other side, which is equally in fault with the first. We grant that this rule is true. But if the reader will stop to recall the many articles he has seen or read on the vanity of women, he must pardon here a few words on a subject, equally as interesting altho' less universal, the vanity of men.

For the sake of convenience we will divide men into three stages of life; first, the young boy; secondly, the middle-aged man; thirdly, the old man. This vanity in the young boy has a slightly different aspect from what we usually mean by the term vanity. The boy is at the bragging age, the age when he blows his own horn. It is simply an overflowing and expression of his inward vain feeling, which, at this age, he has not diplomacy enough to hide. Not at all is he vain as to his personal appearance of intellectual attainments, for he gives little, if any, thought to such matter. The dainty fixing-up age comes later. The boy's vanity takes the turn in making him think that he is the biggest, strongest man in all the country around. He loves to bet his companions that he can jump higher, run faster, or swim better than his chum and rival.

The next stage of vanity is seen in the middle-aged man. This term middle-aged does not mean necessarily one settled in life, but it means rather the age of the fully grown man. Now is the time of vanity in personal appearance. Most of the attention of body and soul is given to adorning the person. This is best illustrated by citing an incident that happened some time ago at a dinner-party. There was invited to this dinner-party a company of men and ladies. They duly arrived, and after a time of social intercourse, were invited into dinner. A short while after all were seated, there arose a discussion of

vanity. Each man had volumes to tell of how women would even allow vanity to carry them to destruction. The women remained silent, wishing that they might find something to say in self-defense, or that the discussion of such an unpleasant subject would come to an end. When each man had had his turn and there was a moment's silence, one lady of unusual courage saw that it was now her time to speak. In slow, impressive tones, she said, "The handsomest man at this dinner-party has forgotten to put on his neck-tie." Instantly, every man at the table put his hand to his neck. There ensued a hearty laugh, some confusion on the men's part, and a hasty dropping of the subject.

Old age vanity is very unassuming and almost unapparent at times, nevertheless it is inherent. These old men think that no new theories must be introduced, for the ideas they have now, which were used seventy-five years ago, were good enough for them, consequently, they should serve coming generations. In many cases, these old men consider it their duty, in all social gatherings, to monopolize the conversation by telling long, ever-repeated stories, with every detail of time and place. We do not censure severely these men, for they have a right to all the possible consideration of younger people. We merely suggest the fact to illustrate the point that this vanity goes down to the grave with its victims, so well-grounded is it in man.

We have no right ordinarily to pick out the faults of a thing without suggesting a remedy. But pardon us here, we must make an exception. We give up in despair the idea of trying to reform men. We must be content to try to bear, like patient martyrs, what can never be remedied and what will have no end,—the vanity of men.

Anna Thomas, '10

The Value of Chemistry to High School Pupils

HEMISTRY should be included in the curriculum of every high school for several reasons, any one of which furnishes sufficient cause for its study, since it will, directly or indirectly, benefit those who have studied it, whatever their walk in life may be. There are few subjects more interesting than chemistry and, certainly, none more practical or having such a general use in everyday life. Some people have the idea that chemistry is only a technical subject, consequently is not very important, and also, that outside of the laboratory chemistry is used very little. These are mistaken impressions, however, for some application of chemistry is always present in our daily occupation, and, furthermore, without chemistry the world would never have risen to the high state of civiliation in which it is to-day.

First, an intelligent study of chemistry, with its attendant laboratory exercises, will discipline the mind and teach us to form the habit of accurate observation and to think for ourselves. The power of accurate observation is of great benefit to us in life. We must reason out many things for ourselves, which gives us self-reliance.

In the second place, a knowledge of this study is essential in order to understand thoroughly other sciences, such as physics, biology, geology, and astronomy. If we have a general knowledge of chemistry, when we come to study the more advanced sciences they will not be so difficult, for in these studies, especially geology and biology, we shall find many practical applications of the fundamental principles of chemistry.

In the third place, chemistry deals with many common problems found in all occupations of life. For instance, the druggist studies chemistry before entering on his medical course; for, indeed, pharmacy is nothing more than a form

of chemistry that deals with the compounding and preparation of different substances that have medicinal value. The modern farmer and the manufacturer are dependent in a way on chemistry; for the farmer by his knowledge of this science may determine the needs of his soil and supply them and the manufacturer is enabled to find how he may use the best and cheapest materials in his business. The miner, too, may learn how he can separate minerals from their ores in the best and cheapest way, and how he may avoid explosions of dangerous gases that continually menace the lives of the mine-workers.

Furthermore, we shall be convinced of the usefulness of chemistry if we see what it is doing for the world. For example, about ten years ago the entire supply of indigo, one of the most beautiful dyes, was grown in the fields of India. In 1901, after many years of tireless effort, a group of German chemists discovered a process by which the identical indigo could be cheaply made from coal tar. Many more important products have since been produced from coal tar and from other substances which, heretofore, had gone to waste. Agriculture is indebted to chemistry for commercial fertilizers, which are of the greatest aid in enriching the soil. In the laboratories of our agricultural colleges the chemists are studying the needs of the soil and are showing the farmers how they may make their land do its utmost to supply food for the human race. From these same laboratories we are shown how to utilize materials that would, otherwise, go to waste and how to obtain valuable products from them. Had it not been for the observing eye of a chemist, this world would, perhaps, never have known aluminum, which may become the metal of the future.

Domestic science, which is now taught in many schools, is in some respects a form of chemistry; for the girls are taught the different chemical combinations of the various elements which make up foods, what foods are fat-forming, what contain the elements which build up muscle and tissue, and how to combine the foods in order to obtain the right proportion of each of the elements.

In conclusion, we see that, with all these convincing proofs, there can be no doubt in the mind of any one that chemistry is one of the most valuable and useful of all the natural sciences, and that its study should be required in all progressive high schools.

Frank Scott, '13

!——!——?

TIRED of waiting, she arose from her seat and threw a gun across her arm. Hurriedly she paced up and down; then, suddenly, as if hearing someone approaching, she halted and opening the magazine of the rifle, examined it. With a sigh almost inaudible, she closed it. Then, with the gun poised on her arm, she waited and listened.

At last he came into full view. Silently she stood, gazing intently afar off, until he touched her slightly on the arm. Then, turning to him, she said, "Oh, John, why didn't you come sooner? You know I've been waiting a long time!"

"I just couldn't, Mary," he replied.

"Well," she said, her voice filled with emotion, "take the gun and do as I tell you. I am such a coward I can't—I can't!"

"Mary," he pleaded, "I—."

"Take this gun and do it," she sobbed, "there's no use pleading now."

Like one in a trance, he took the rifle without uttering a word. Then, half opening the magazine and gazing into it, he closed it again. Finally he said, "Mary, I just can't do it, I haven't the heart to do it."

"John! Oh! John, you must," she sobbed piteously, "you know I can't."

"But think of your old father and of yourself and of me," he pleaded.

"John," she said passionately, "do it for my sake, won't you? Father will soon get over it."

"Well, he said in a surrendering tone and trying to conceal his emotion, "I'll do it for your sake, Mary, but you don't know how hard it is for me."

"Take the gun," she said with much self-composure, "and end all my pain and suffering. Do it quickly, John."

He opened the chamber again and examined it carefully and then closed it with a click. Slowly he stepped back a little, still holding the gun tightly with both hands. He stood still a moment with downcast head, then, with a faltering voice said, "I hope your father will not lay this at my door. You may forgive me, Mary, but I shall never forgive myself. But I'll do it for you, Mary. Then leveling the gun deliberately, he faltered, "I'll do it, I'll take the gun and ——— pawn it."

"Tenurb"

THE MISSILE

CHAS. EDGAR GILLIAM, *Editor in Chief*
CORA ROLFE, M. FRANCIS DREWRY, *Associate Editors*
ERNEST N. TOWNES, *Editor of "A Few Pointers"*
ROBERT G. BUTCHER, *Athletic Editor*
BEATRICE COLEMAN, *Exchange Editor*
VIRGINIA M. WALKE, *Alumni Editor.*

AGNES STRIBLING, *Head Reporter*
MEADE C. BRUNET, *Business Manager*
ERNEST N. TOWNES, *Circulation Manager*
FRANK BUCHANAN, RUSSEL L. PERKINSON } *Assistant Business Managers*

Address Correspondence to Petersburg High School.

Editorial

Athletics should be encouraged in every high school, not only because they are very beneficial to the health and character of the boys and girls, but, also, because they develop in the pupils a certain personal pride in their school that studies more frequently fail to cultivate. Every child should have an individual pride in his school; every school should be filled with "school spirit." What is this "school spirit?" It is a certain feeling, we might say love, for one's school that makes one think of it as a place not where they are forced to go, but where they wish to go; that makes one swell with pride when he hears his school's name mentioned; and that will cause one to look fondly back in after years, when old age shall have greyed his hairs, and joyfully remembered his "alma mater." A school should be more than a name or, if a name, it should be one of which every student is proud. Athletics do more towards building up a "school spirit" than anything else. Where is the boy or girl who is not proud of his school-mates' conquests in baseball, football, or any other branch of athletics? Where is there a defeated team that does not arouse the

sympathy of its school? It is this pride,—this sympathy that makes a school not a number of unattached pupils, but a unit. There may be other ways of making a school a success; but none of them are as sucessful as getting each individual pupil interested not only in his own progress at school, but in the progress of his school-mates. If the school is a unit, it will be a success. "School spirit" is essential to the unity of a school and athletics will help to develop "school spirit."

What is success? What is it to succeed? In this commercial age one points to the great financiers, to men who have amassed a great fortune as examples of success. They are successful in one way, that is they have attained the object that they had in view when they started in life. But should success be measured in so many little round disks of silver and gold or in so many bank notes? He whose object was to amass a fortune has succeeded if he is rich. Yet is he a success? Was Shakespeare a success because his name is immortal? No. His immortal name is merely the result of his success. Does one have to become famous to be a success? Are the immortal names the only ones that have succeeded? No. Many a thief has succeeded in evading the law, but still we do not consider him a success. On the other hand, many an immortal personage utterly failed to accomplish his end and yet is numbered as a success. To succeed one has but to accomplish what he undertakes, to be a success one has to know where his talents lie and use them in that direction not alone for his own good but for the good of others. One may succeed without being a success. To succeed is one thing; success is another.

Athletics

Robert Butcher.

Well, I should say that the boys **did** get busy in organizing a track team! They started to train on one Saturday and by the following Saturday night each one of the boys representing the Petersburg High School at the indoor meet at Richmond had received a silver medal for winning the 1,000 yard relay from McGuire's School and Richmond Academy.

Each one of the Petersburg boys had his opponents outclassed. Petersburg won the toss, thereby getting the inside track. The pistol cracked, and Pollard jumped about two feet ahead of his opponents, but, at the beginning of the second lap, McGuire's man passed Pollard and got a lead of about 3 feet. Pollard, however, was not out the game by a long shot, for, on the last piece of straight, he put on all his steam and gave Booth about 4 feet lead on McGuire's and about 2 yards lead on the Academy. From then on the race was won. Booth increased his lead a great deal, Barksdale did likewise, and Kinsey broke the tape with a lead of 10 yards over his nearest opponent, McGuire's.

Again we are indebted to Mr. Herbert Gilliam, who coached, picked, and carried our team to Richmond. It was his patience, carefulness, etc., that made our team bring in another victory for P. H. S.

Spring has come and, with it, has come BASEBALL. The baseball prospects for the coming season are indeed very bright. Nearly all the members of last year's team are back at school and are expected to report for practice. A great number of new candidates, also, are expected.

Our pitching staff of last year was very weak, but this year it is hoped that it will be strengthened. Harvey Baxter, who was our best pitcher last year, is back at school and it is expected that he will occupy the mound in a great number of the coming games. Besides Baxter, we have a new candidate, Morris Spooner, who hails from Portsmouth. He is a "South-paw" who pitched for Portsmouth High School last year. We are counting on his making a record here. Barksdale, also, is a very promising "slabman."

Captain Pollard, who will, undoubtedly, hold his own at short stop, is very enthusiastic over the prospects for the coming season year and hopes to turn out a winning nine.

Manager Andrews with assistance of Young has been at work for a good while and is arranging a very good schedule.

On the night of Feb. 23rd the girls' Basket Ball Team of the Petersburg High School was defeated by the Southern Female College Team. The game was played in the S. F. C. gymnasium, and this put the High School girls at a very great disadvantage, as they had done all of their practicing out-of-doors, while the College had the advantage of playing on familiar grounds. The baskets, also, were not the same height as those which the High School girls had become accustomed to, but, notwithstanding their disadvantages, our girls put up a "game" fight.

The "line-up" for the teams was as follows:

P. H. S.		S. F. C.
M. LeMoine	Left Forward	R. Altman
M. Jones	Right Forward	P. Walson
M. Lawrence (B. Coleman)	Center	F. Crawford
K. Jones	Left Guard	G. Christensen
M. Banks (E. Dillard)	Right Guard	C. Davis

Exchange Department

BEATRICE M. COLEMAN, *Editor*

We are glad to welcome the "Raquet" among our exchanges.

The Mary Baldwin "Miscellany" is numbered among our new exchanges this month. It is one of our most attractive and interesting magaines. The prize story "The Survival of the Fittest" is deserving of merit and we impatiently await its conclusion. We hope you will continue to exchange with us.

"The Focus" from the State Normal School maintains its former standard. The stories are good. Each department is well balanced.

We are pleased to welcome to our exchange desk the "Randolph-Macon Monthly." It is a very creditable magazine, and its poems, essays, stories, and notes are excellent. This magazine bids fair to be a winner.

We hail with delight the arrival of "The Messenger" from the Richmond College. As usual, it is up to its standard of excellence. Among the stories we read with delight was "The Return," written by an alumnus of P. H. S. The views of Ah Fong Yeung, a native of Canton, China, now a graduate student in Columbia University, are well worth the reader's praise and attention.

"The Cadet," a weekly paper published by the V. M. I. students is a new addition to our exchange table. It is a very interesting paper and we welcome it heartily.

"The Virginian," from the Norfolk High School, is a small paper considering the size of the school from which it comes. Having looked through this magazine, one would think its contributors had fallen asleep. Wake up editors and get to work; remember "Work wins."

"The Onas" is a very attractive magazine. It is up to date in every respect. Come again.

"The Visitors," a charming story in the "Iris," portrays human nature admirably. This story will be concluded in the next number. We look forward to the next copy with much interest.

"The World," St. Paul, Minn—You have an interesting paper all the way through. Your departments are not out of proportion, a fault to be found with very many magazines. The cartoons are an evidence that the artistic sense is not lacking in your school. It would be difficult for us to criticise your paper.

Last but not least is the Wm. and Mary "Literary Magazine" which deserves special mention. Your poems, essays, and stories are all one could desire. You are above our criticism.

It gives us pleasure to acknowledge the following exchanges; "The Critic," "The Monthly Chronicle," "The Spectator," "The Record," "The News," "The John Marshall Record," "The Flat Hat," "The Va. Tech."

Alumni

Mr. J. Willard Brister, State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Tennessee is a P. H. S. graduate. Since he left his home school, he has continued to ascend the educational ladder rapidly.

Dr. Walter Brunet, a P. H. S. boy, is at present "House Surgeon" at Gouveneur's Hospital, New York City.

Mr. Robert Brunet has been associated with the Public Service Electric Co., of Newark, New Jersey, for some time.

The Peebles Brothers, Bradbury and Leighton, have been an honor to their "alma mater;" the former holds the chair of mathematics in Wofferd College, Spartansburg, S. C., and the latter travels for a large electrical company of New York.

Mr. Wm. Prichard, an old P. H. S. student, has since his graduation from R. M. College, been teaching at R. M. Academy, Bedford City.

Misses Mildred McCaleb and Gertrude Davis are two of our graduates teaching in other city schools; Miss McCaleb is a successful primary teacher in Norfolk, while Miss Davis is principal of Chestnut Ave. School, Newport News.

Mr. John Gilliam is a successful insurance agent in Mississippi.

Mrs. Edward White, formerly Miss Mary Graves, of '08 class, is now living in Uniontown, Alabama.

Miss Myrtle Coon, '09, is teaching in the schols of Brunswick Co.

Miss Mollie Butcher, has since her school closed in Buckingham Co., been substituting in the Richmond City schools.

School Notes

A pupil in IV A was heard to remark recently that teachers may come, and teachers may go, but Latin goes on forever.

Two new pupils entered I A Grade this half session, Miss Young and Mr. Willis Hays.

Miss Robertson is back again after a brief spell of sickness, and not only the pupils of the IIIB but, also, those of the entire school are glad to see her.

Miss H.—: (to Mr. Brunet) "What condition is this, 'Were I young again, etc.' "

Mr. Brunet:—"That condition is contrary to fact, I think."

According to Miss Lawrence's recent Latin translation, "Laziness is lying."

Sad to relate, no one in the IIA Grade received a "Golden Report" this month.

The girls of the IIIA Grade, have at last reached the sad conclusion that there is something very unattractive about them or their grade. Last half they started with five boys and ended with three; this half one has dropped out already. Can anyone tell them what to do?

Miss H—:—"For what are alligators valuable?"

Miss E—:—"For their fur."

One day, after asking a pupil of the IIB Grade the principal parts of the Latin verb scio, Miss E—asked what English word was derived from it. Mr. O— immediately replied, "Sciter."

The ladies of this generation have yet a few things to learn when it comes to monkeys, parrots, and lap dogs for pets. Mr. Townes, IVB, thinks that "most beautiful Dido walked among the altars holding a white cow in her hands."

"What is the difference between the North and South Poles?"

"All the difference in the world."

Hurrah for the boys of IIIB. They got more "Goldens" than the girls.

Mr. Urbert Gibson of IA was absent for about two weeks this month on account of illness.

The "wandering boy" has returned, and everyone in the IVA German class is in a laughing mood again, for "teacher's pet" was sadly missed. It is indeed pathetic to hear teacher ask in a trembling voice, "Oh, where is my wandering boy this period?"

Teacher:—"Can you name the seven hills of Rome?"

Pupil:—(hopefully) "I used to know them."

Teacher:—(consolingly) "Well, the definition of an educated man is one who has forgotten most."

German nouns seem quite confusing to the beginners of the IIIA. Mr. Gilliam cannot comprehend the difference between die Tor and der Tor — he wrote, "The city walls are higher than the fools."

Miss H — during her English period asked the class the definition of antidote. Miss W—, without a moment's hesitation, replied, "A short story."

Miss Ridenour of IIB received her "Golden," as usual.

"How is a hinge like a girl?"
"Both are something to "adore."

Dear little lambs of the 111B, watch for a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Miss Helen Allgood, 1VA, did not know until recently that it is not customary for tents to have sails.

Mr. Theodore Roettger, formerly of 11A, has left school on account of illness.

"Was Shylock's punishment just?" was the question for debate in the 11B Class recently. The affirmative was upheld by Miss Ridenour, Miss Walke, and Mr. Young, while the negative was represented by Miss Riddle, Miss Benson, and Mr. Alley. Mr. Young held his ground so well that he brought his side victory.

To Mr. Munson of the 1VB is due the credit of discovering a new species of trees. "The pine-es is the latest thing, according to his method of scansion.

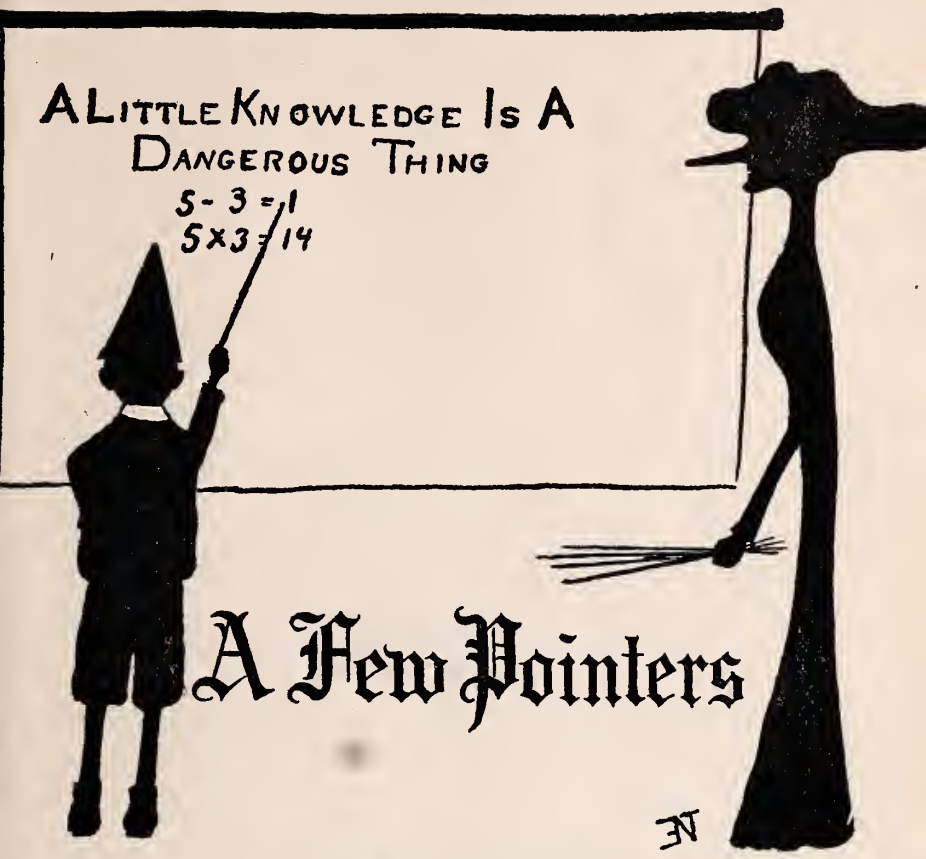
We sincerely regret Mr. Sinton's resignation as a teacher in the department of Latin. In the brief stay with us, he had become our friend as well as our teacher. We wish him all success in his new position in New York.

Mr. J. E. Anderson, a R. M. alumnus and a teacher of experience, has taken Mr. Sinton's place. We give Mr. Anderson a hearty welcome and a promise to do our best in the class room.

On the 22nd of February we commemorated the birthday of two of America's famous men, George Washington and James Russell Lowell. Effective quotations, appropriate to each, were given by the pupils of the different classes and a short musical programme was enjoyed. Dr. Spooner of the Market St. Methodist Church gave us a very instructive and interesting address on special traits in George Washington's character which enabled him to achieve greatness. Thus we have endeavored to make not only Washington, but Lowell, also, live in the hearts of their countrymen.

Among the many interesting school events of this last month was the celebration of the one hundred and fifth anniversary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The pupils rendered a very interesting program, consisting of a song, "The Ship of State," by the school; an instrumental solo, "Prayer," by Miss Elizabeth Williams; recitation, "Sandalphon," by Miss Spooner Dunn; vocal solo by Miss Martha Lawrence; reading, "King Robert of Sicily," by Miss Cora Rolfe; recitation, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," by Miss Helen Couch; a series of quotations from Longfellow and a song, "Upidee," by the school.

The musical and dramatic entertainment given at D. M. B. School on the evening of March the first was a decided success in every way. The musical numbers were artistically rendered by Misses Morrison, James, Bowman, Bain, and Walke, and Messrs. Svetlik and Booth. The little play, "Six Cups of Chocolate," a translation from the German, was cleverly acted by Misses Rolfe, James, Hays, Russel, Mann and Seabury. A nice sum, $32.70, was realized for the magazine.



OR ETERNAL FRICTION.

The decrease in efficiency of the Republican Machine is probably due to internal friction.

SUITABLE NAME.

In one of the seaport towns of New England, a wholesale clothing dealer by the name of Miles Standish, was having a sailing vessel built to be used mostly in shipping overcoats and other clothing to the neighboring towns.

One day, as he was showing several of his friends the vessel, one of them asked him what he was going to call it.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish," replied the clothing dealer with a smile.

A PERFECT WASTE.

Wife:—Look at my new waist. How do you like it?

Hubby:—I have never seen such extravagance, it is a perfect waste.

Wife:—(sweetly) Yes dear, I knew you would like it.

PERPETUAL MOTION—HIS VOICE.

The Colonel is in the race for the presidency. One thing is certain that he will not drop out for want of breath.

THE REAL REBELLION.

Very probably in the future when the question, "What was the Bacon Rebellion," is asked, a pupil will reply: "The Bacon Rebellion was an attempt by the people to lower the price of meat by boycotting it."

THE S. P. C. A. SHOULD BE NOTIFIED.

Calves are treated very badly, if we stop to consider that the cow gives them a licking every morning.

THE PRICE SHE PAID.

"Well, Binks," remarked Jinks, "I heard that your friend Miss Jones paid a million dollars for a duke."

"Gee, she got stuck!" exclaimed little Willie, "Teacher says the English sovereign ain't worth but four dollars and ninety-eight cents."

THE PASSING OF RICHMOND.

Our relay team was a credit to the race.

THE TRUE MEANING.

Willie:—What did the preacher mean by "the quick and the dead?"

Father:—He was only referring to an automobile race.

NOISELESS!

The hollow of a tree.

THE ONLY THING THAT COUNTS.

"The only thing that counts now," sadly exclaimed the mathematician, "is the adding machine."

:: ADVERTISEMENTS ::

For

Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry

See

TITMUS The Jeweler

The only lens grinding and up-to-date Optical Establishment in the city. Broken lens matched on short notice

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

17 Sycamore St., opposite Franklin

Your Home Needn't be a Pipe Dream. Make it a SPLENDID, HAPPY REALITY!

Can't-you say? Can-we say—and if you'll but grant this store the opportunity, it will make it a reality.

Don't wait—no necessity for delay. The Homefurnishings you'll want—at prices you'll gladly pay—upon the most reasonable terms—are waiting to make your home a reality.

SPECIAL for the BED ROOM

Kent Special Felt Mattress $8.75
Kent Special Combination Mattress. 4.75
Full Size Continuous Post Metal Bed with High Grade All-Metal Spring 8.75
Full Size Brass Bed 12.50
Genuine Mahogany Colonial Bed....12.50
Genuine Mahogany Princess Dresser 19.75
Genuine Mahogany Chiffonier.....21.75
Genuine Mahogony Washstand 9.75
Genuine Mahogany Wardrobe. 25.00
Full Swell Front Quartered Oak Dresser, large Shape, Shaped Mirror.. .....18.75
Chiffonier to match..... ...16.75

DINING ROOM SPECIALS

Genuine Oak Sideboard.....$13.75
Fine Quartered Oak Sideboard, Extra Large French Bevel Mirror..... 32.50
Round Oak Bedstead Extension Table..... 9.75
Box Seat Diner to match..... 1.75
Bent End Glass China Case.....12.75
Extra Large and Roomy China Case, Full Quartered Oak.....26.75
Beautiful Quartered Oak Extension Table, Large Claw Feet.....23.75
Fine Quartered Oak Box Seat Diner..... 2.75
Genuine Mahogany Buffet.....42.75

KENT FURNITURE CO. THE BIG STORE

The College of William and Mary

No better equipped College in Virginia

Free election of courses, except that degree applicants must fulfill degree requirements.

Fourteen units required for full entrance; twelve units for conditioned entrance. NO SPECIAL STUDENTS.

132 State scholarships for students preparing to teach.

Interesting literature relating to the College will be sent upon request.

H. L. BRIDGES, *Registrar*
Williamsburg, Va.

Medical College of Virginia

Established 1838

WELL EQUIPPED FOR TEACHING MEDICINE, DENTISTRY AND PHARMACY.

For Catalogue address:

CHRISTOPHER TOMPKINS, M. D., Dean,
Richmond, Virginia

THE BEST AND NEWEST OF EVERYTHING IN

Footwear

ALWAYS IN STOCK

J. O. JAMES

43 SYCAMORE STREET

University of Virginia

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

E. A. ALDERMAN, L. L. D., President

THE COLLEGE

In this department, four-year courses can be selected leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, and Bachelor of Science. Short Courses are offered for those unable to enter at opening of session.

The Department of Graduate Studies

In this department, an opportunity is given Bachelors of Arts, and Bachelors of Science for specializing in any direction they may choose. Degrees offered are Master of Arts, Master of Science and Doctor of Philosophy.

The Department of Medicine

In this department a four-year course is given, leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

The Department of Engineering

In this department, four-year courses are given, leading to the degrees of Mining Engineer, Civil Engineer, Electrical Engineer, Mechanical Engineer and Chemical Engineer.

The Department of Law

In this department, a three-year course is offered, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Law.

Tuition in Academic

Tuition in Academic Departments free to Virginians. Loan funds are available. All other expenses are reduced to a minimum. Send for Catalogue.

HOWARD WINSTON, Registrar

PUBLICATIONS OF THE

B. F. Johnson Publishing Co.

On the Virginia High School List

	Price Postpaid
OUR LANGUAGE-GRAMMAR, C. Alphonso Smith	$.40
COMMON WORDS COMMONLY MISSPELLED, Bruce R. Payne	.22
ADVANCED ARITHMETIC, Colaw and Ellwood	.44
SCHOOL ALGEBRA, Colaw and Ellwood	1.15
SOUTHERN LITERATURE, Manly	.80
SOUTHERN STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION, J. L. M. Curry	.75
HALF HOURS IN SOUTHERN HISTORY, John Lesslie Hall	.75
BURKE: Speech on Conciliation with America. Edited by James M. Garnett	.23
MACAULAY: Essays on Milton and Addison. Edited by C. Alphonso Smith	.23
GOLDSMITH: The Vicar of Wakefield. Edited by G. C. Edwards	.23
TENNYSON: The Princess. Edited by Charles W. Kent	.23
POPE: Homer's Iliad. Edited by Francis E. Shoup and Isaac Ball	.23
COLERIDGE: The Ancient Mariner. Edited by Norman H. Pitman	.23
SHAKESPEARE: The Merchant of Venice. Edited by Robert Sharp	.23
ADDISON: Sir Roger de Coverly Papers. Edited by John Calvin Metcalf	.23

B. F. Johnson Publishing Co.

Atlanta Richmond Dallas

LISTEN, BOYS!

Every boy should aim to know more than he does, but should not make the error of believing that he does.

EVERY BOY SHOULD KNOW

BUCHANAN THE JEWELER

for they will surely need his services before the year is out, either for a watch repair or perhaps a broken fob. We are at the service of both the boys and girls.

NOTE THE STORE OF VALUES, CORNER COURTHOUSE AVE.

Petersburg Hardware Co.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

THE CELEBRATED **PETERS SHELLS**

Also Hardware, Enamelware, Woodenware, Cutlery, Paints, Roofing, Stoves, Pumps, Screen Doors and Windows, Etc.

We carry a stock of S. and S. Wall Board. It takes the place of Plastering, is easy to put on and very durable. : : : : :

PETERSBURG HARDWARE COMPANY, Inc.

PHONE 61. *14 N. SYCAMORE ST.*

OUR MOTTO:—Polite Attention and Quick Service

ATHLETICS

are an essential adjunct
to a youth's education

The World's Standard Athletic Goods is the REACH LINE

We are the Petersburg Distributors of Reach Baseball and Tennis Goods, and headquarters for Sporting Goods of all kinds

Chas. Leonard Hardware Co. Inc.

12-14-16 Bank St., Petersburg, Va.

BUY YOUR **BUGGIES** AND

HARNESS

FROM

W. H. HARRISON CO.

WASHINGTON STREET

Randolph-Macon College....

ASHLAND, VIRGINIA

You finish the High School this year. Good!

Why not go to Randolph-Macon College?

AN INSTITUTION THAT STANDS FOR: Christian Principles, Manly Character, Genuine Scholarship

IT PREPARES MEN FOR THE STUDY OF: Law, Medicine, Applied Sciences, The Ministry

ITS: Rates—Moderate, Climate—Healthful, Location—Central, Buildings—Modern, Faculty—Strong

It may be the very best place for you.
A postal card will bring catalogue and booklet.

S. C. HATCHER, D. D.,
Vice-President, Sec'y and Treas.

R. E. BLACKWELL, A. M., LL. D.,
President

State Normal School

HARRISONBURG, VA.

For the professional training of young women as teachers, kindergartners, home-makers, etc.

Location unsurpassed. Modern Equipment
Faculty of Specialists. High standards

More than fifty per cent. of students are graduates of four-year high schools

Expenses low Tuition free Send for catalogue

JULIAN A. BURRUSS, President

Harrisonburg, Virginia

RICHMOND COLLEGE

ENTRANCE—The College maintains standard entrance requirements of fourteen units. This guarantees that the graduates of good high schools will not be thrown, upon entering college, with poorly prepared students, but will be well graded and make rapid progress.

DEGREES—Richmond College has an established reputation in centers of culture throughout America, and the value of its degrees is everywhere recognized. A degree from this college gives the holder rank and standing in the best universities. These degrees are open to both young men and young women.

EQUIPMENT—Richmond College has modern and standard equipment. The library and laboratories are kept up-to-date in every respect. Experiments carried on in the college laboratories are regularly reported in the best American and European scientific journals.

THE LAW SCHOOL—A law school, taught by four professors, and offering a two years' course of study leading to the degree of LL. B., forms a department of the College. Fees are lowest in Virginia. For special information address Dr. W. S. McNeill, American National Bank Building, Richmond, Va.

For catalogue, entrance certificate, and information, address

President F. W. BOATWRIGHT

Richmond, Virginia

State Female Normal School

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Graduates of approved four-year high schools are admitted without examination to the two-year Professional Course for the Full Normal Diploma and to the two-year Kindergarten Course for the Kindergarten Diploma.

Graduates of approved three-year high schools are admitted without examination to the two-year Professional Course for the Professional Certificate.

THE PROFESSIONAL COURSES include special methods in Language, History, Arithmetic, Reading, Geography, Drawing and Manual Training, together with General Methods, Principles of Teaching, History and Philosophy of Education, Observation, Practice Teaching, etc.

The twenty-eighth session opened September 6th, 1911. For catalogue, giving full information concerning State Scholarships and details of the work offered, address

J. L. JARMAN, President,

Farmville, Virginia

SANITARY PLUMBING

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Hot Water and Steam Heating, Tinning, Galvanized Iron Work and Guttering

The best of Ranges and Stoves made always on hand. High grade Cooking Utensils

CALL PHONE 52

BRUNET & SOMMERS

9 N. SYCAMORE STREET

H. F. MUNT, Pres. W. T. BAUGH, Vice-Pres. W. B. HARRISON, Sec. & Treas

VIRGINIA PRINTING AND MANUF'G COMPANY

GOOD WORK
PROMPT
SERVICE
RIGHT PRICES

PRINTERS
Book Makers
Tobacco Labels

CALL, PHONE
OR WRITE US
FOR PRICES
PHONE 67

76 Market Street PETERSBURG, VA.

COAL

UNDER COVER

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Jackson Coal and Coke Co.

New York Clothing Co., Inc.

41 N. Sycamore Street

Our line comprises everything suitable for the Man, Young Man, Boy, and Child. We aim to carry only the best of everything to sell at the smallest possible price.

Come and give us a call. If by chance your purchase is unsatisfactory, we will, at all times, remedy the fault.

Remember, everything fully guaranteed

Sole Representatives of the Famous
KUPPENHEIMER CLOTHING
MANHATTAN SHIRTS
FOWNES GLOVES IMPERIAL HATS
and
LION COLLARS